AFTER THE WHOLE ORDEAL WITH FELIX, I

ORDEAL WITH FELIX, I WAS AT THE END OF MY TETHER.

WHY WAS HE ACTING SO STRANGELY? OR WAS HE RIGHT AND *I'M* THE ONE ACTING CRAZY?

I WANTED SO BADLY TO JUST LET HIM IN AND EVERYTHING WOULD BE OKAY...

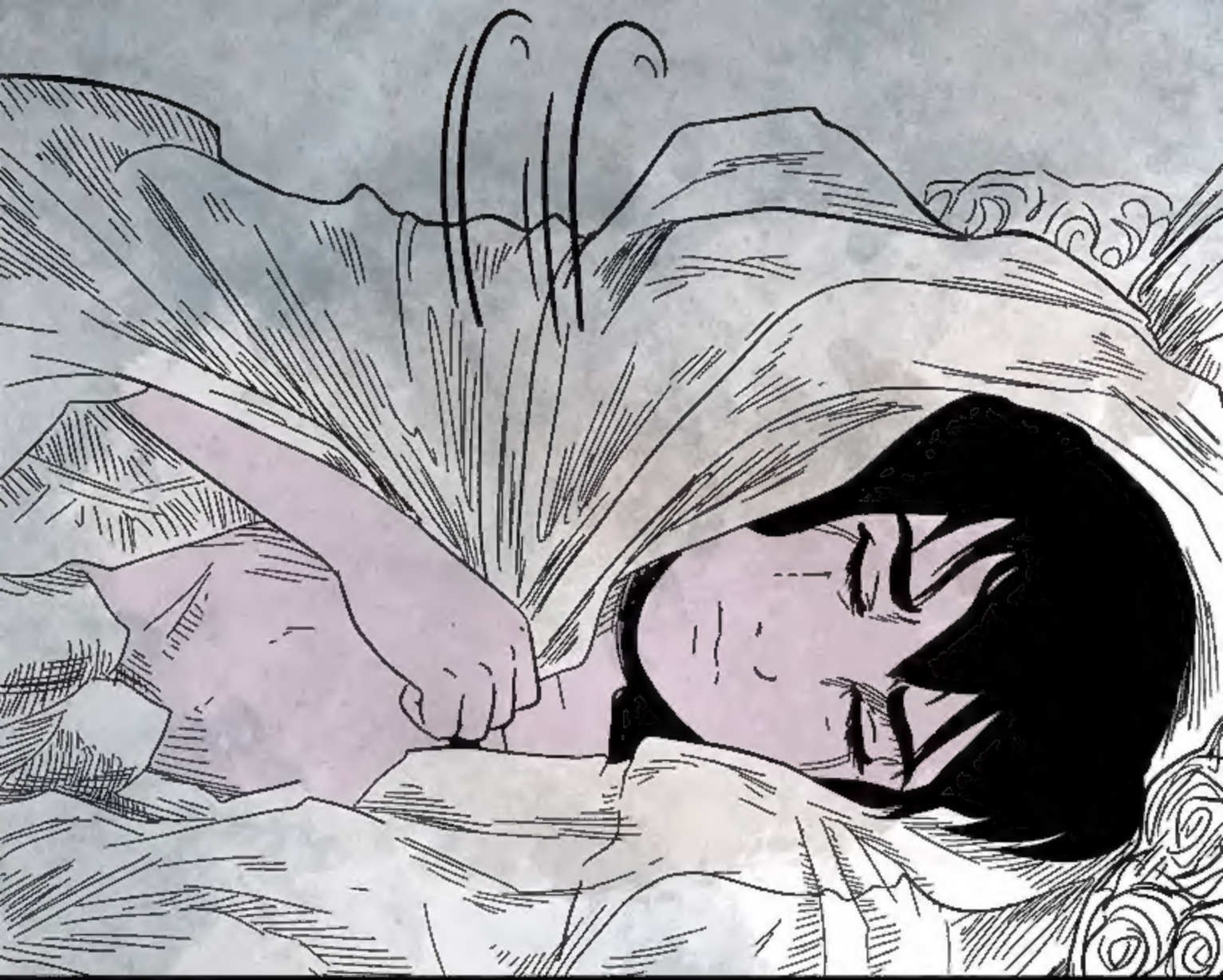
BUT I COULDN'T.

INSTEAD, I JUST LAID

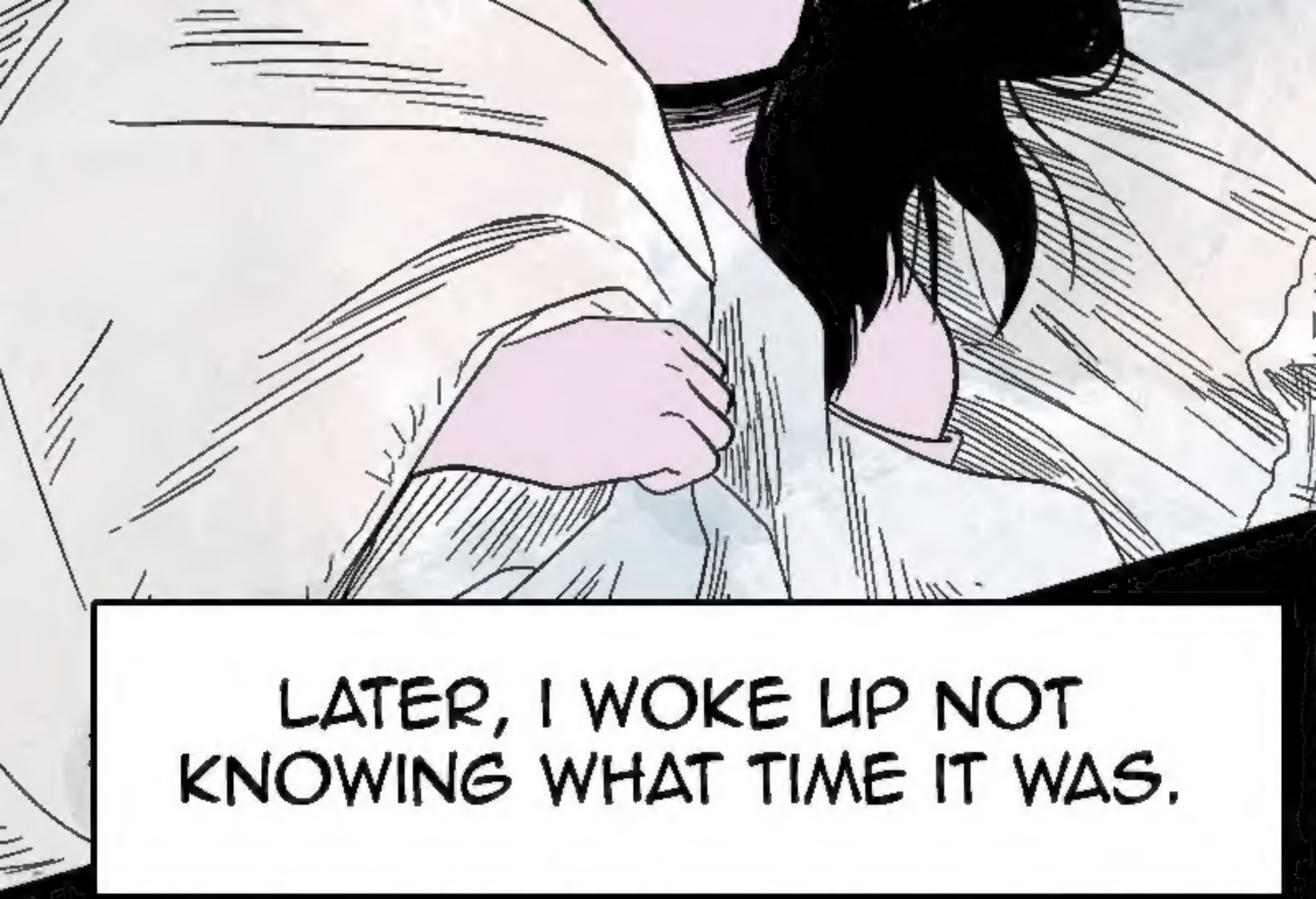
DOWN AND FELT TIRED AND MISERABLE.

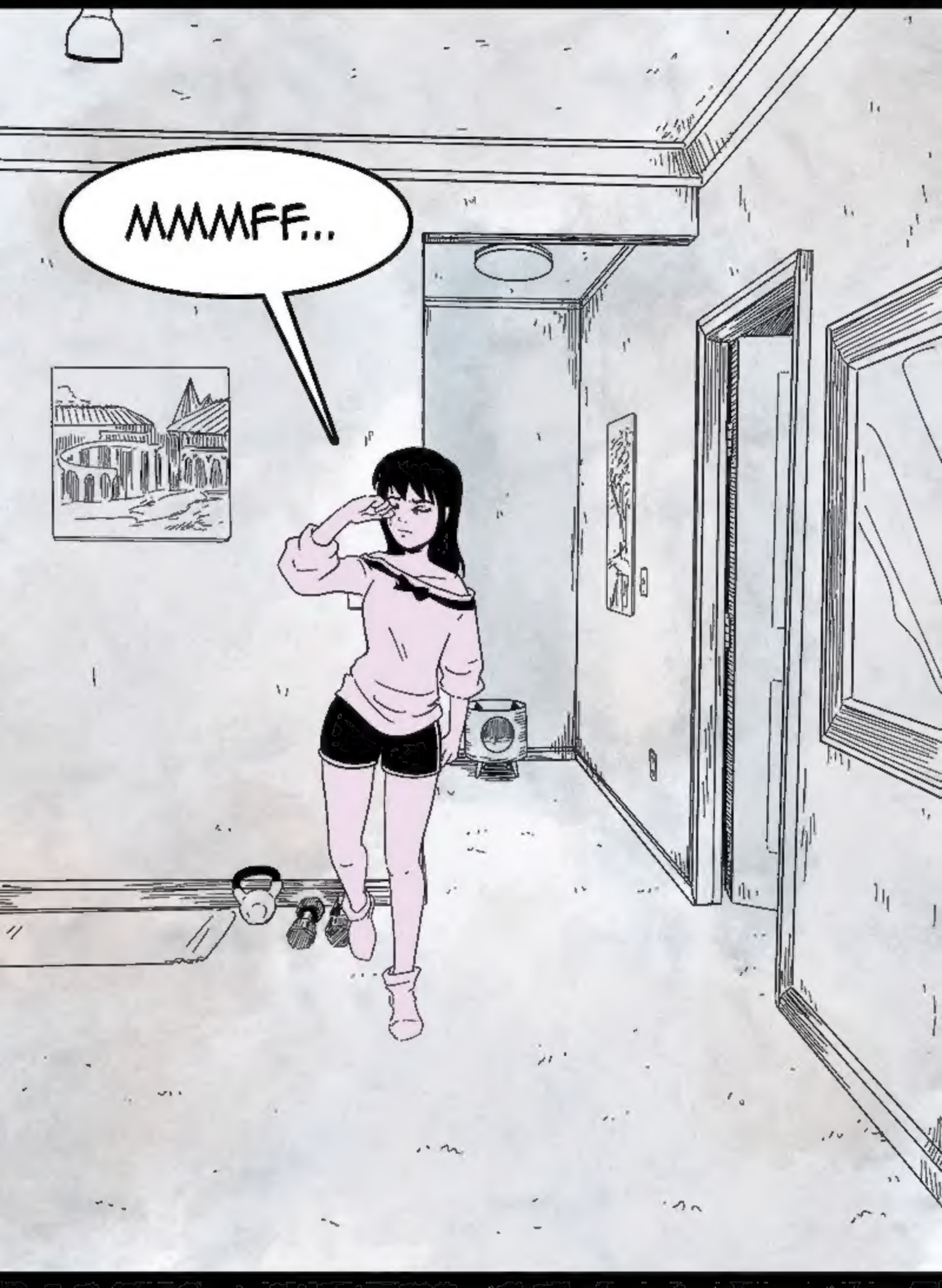
WHAT COULD I DO?

I KNOW IT'S COWARDLY. BUT FOR SOME REASON, SLEEP MADE EVERYTHING GO AWAY, EVEN FOR JUST A LITTLE BIT.



SO I FELL ASLEEP.

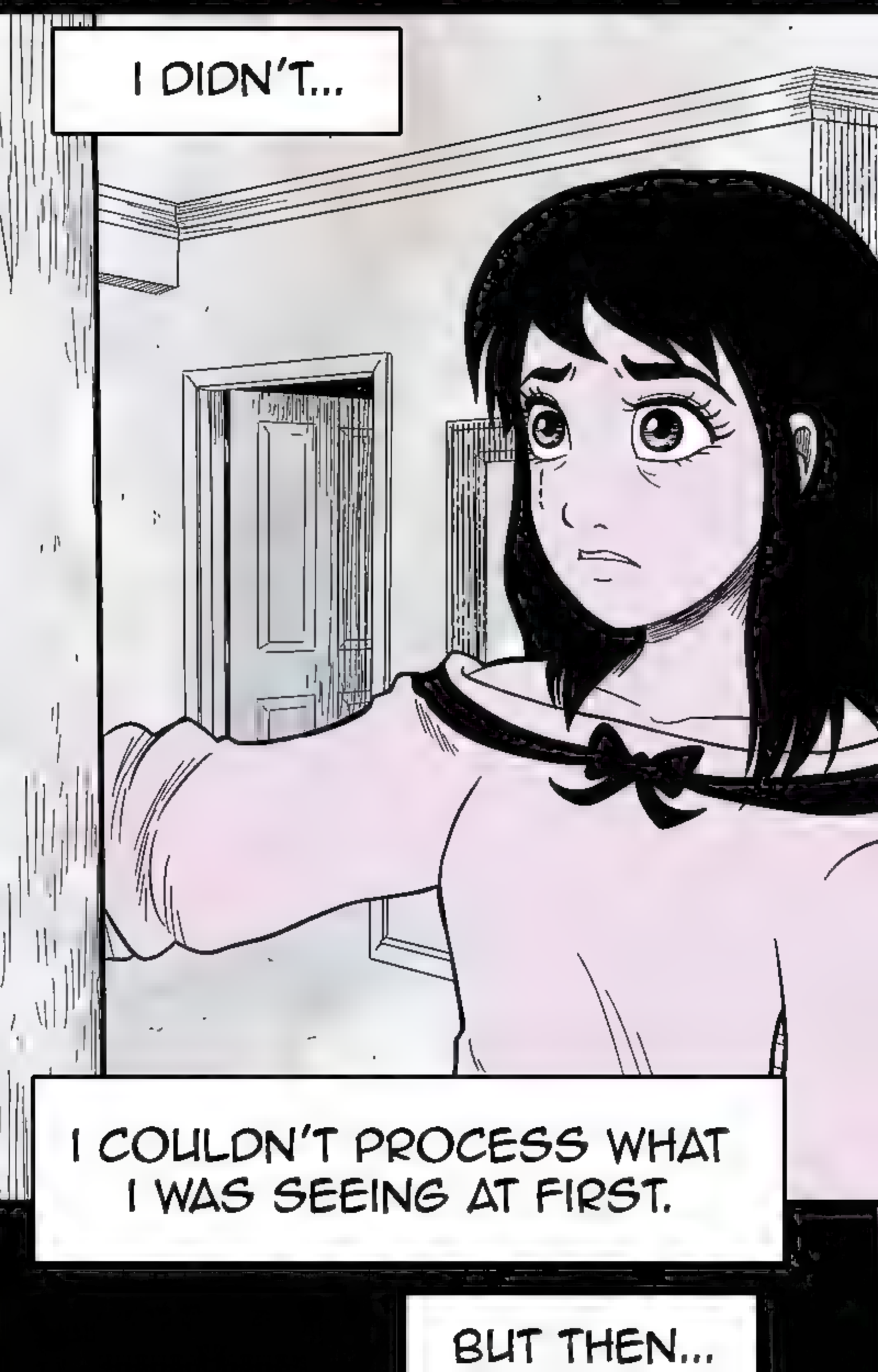

LATER, I WOKE UP NOT KNOWING WHAT TIME IT WAS.


MMMFF...

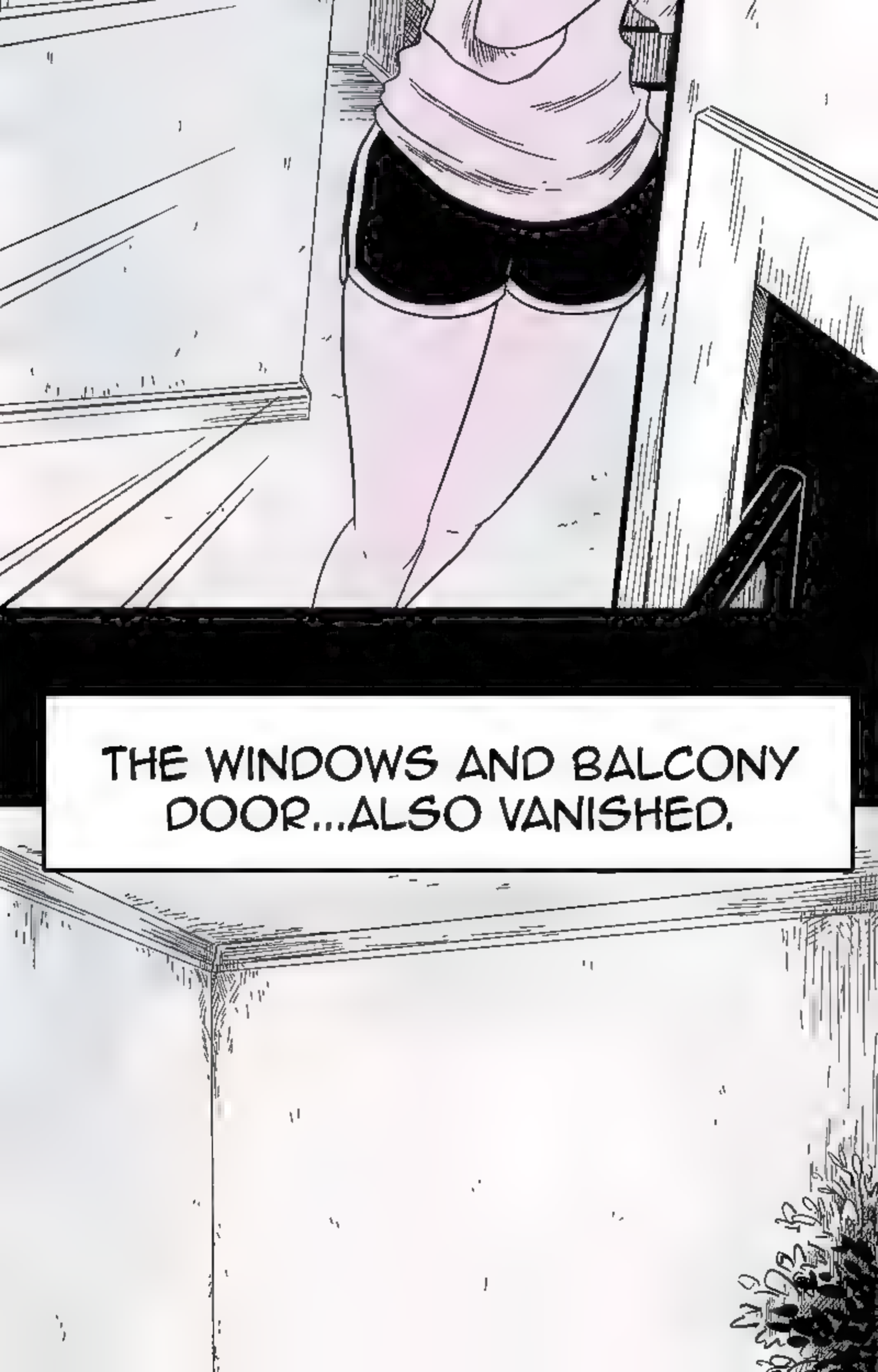
WHEN I FINALLY LEFT MY ROOM...

THE FRONT DOOR WAS GONE.

part three

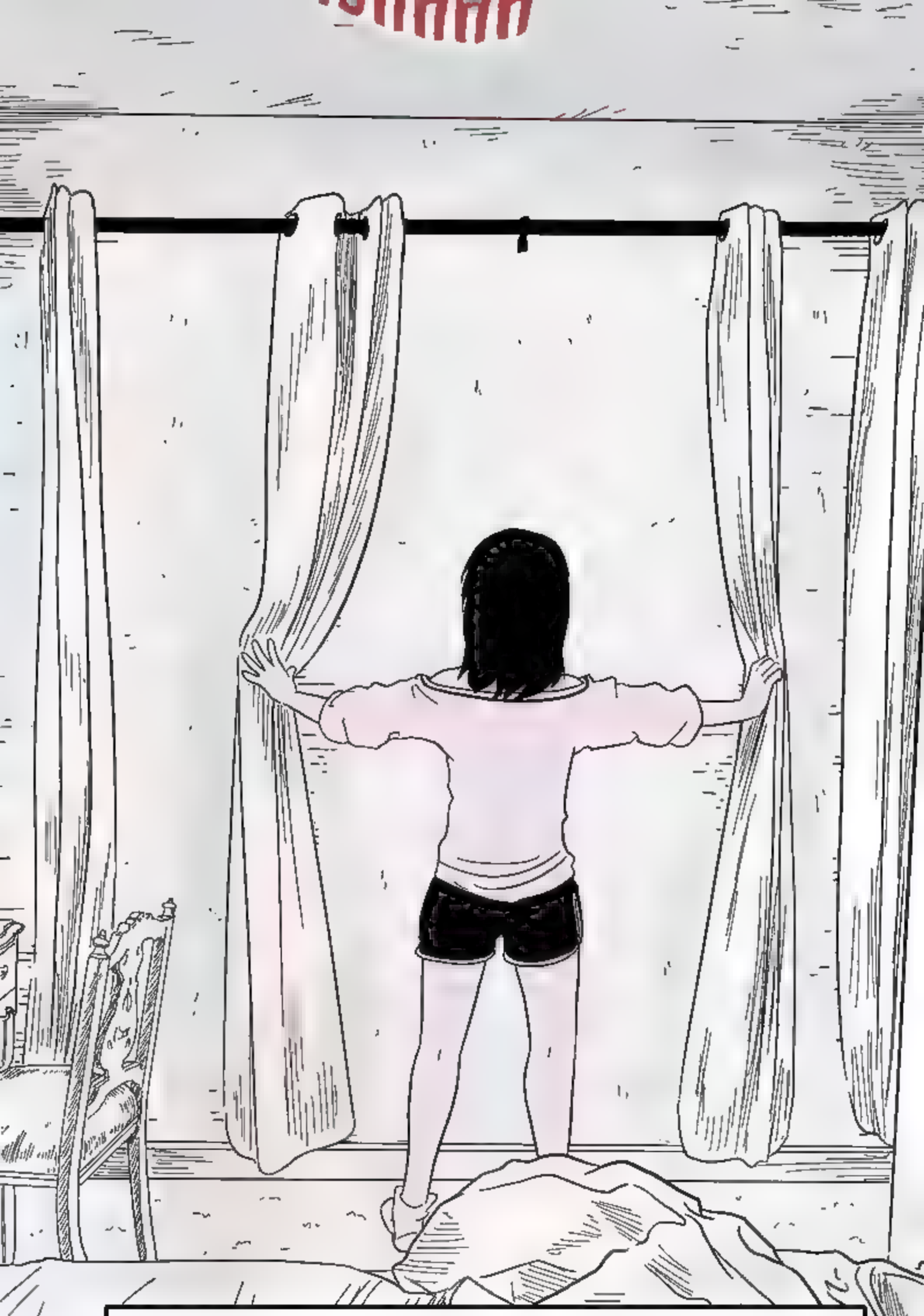

I DIDN'T...
I COULDN'T PROCESS WHAT I WAS SEEING AT FIRST.
BUT THEN...

I CHECKED
THE LIVING ROOM...


THE WINDOWS AND BALCONY DOOR...ALSO VANISHED.

IT WAS LIKE MY APARTMENT HAD TURNED INTO SOME KIND OF SEALED-UP BOX.

SKRUUUH



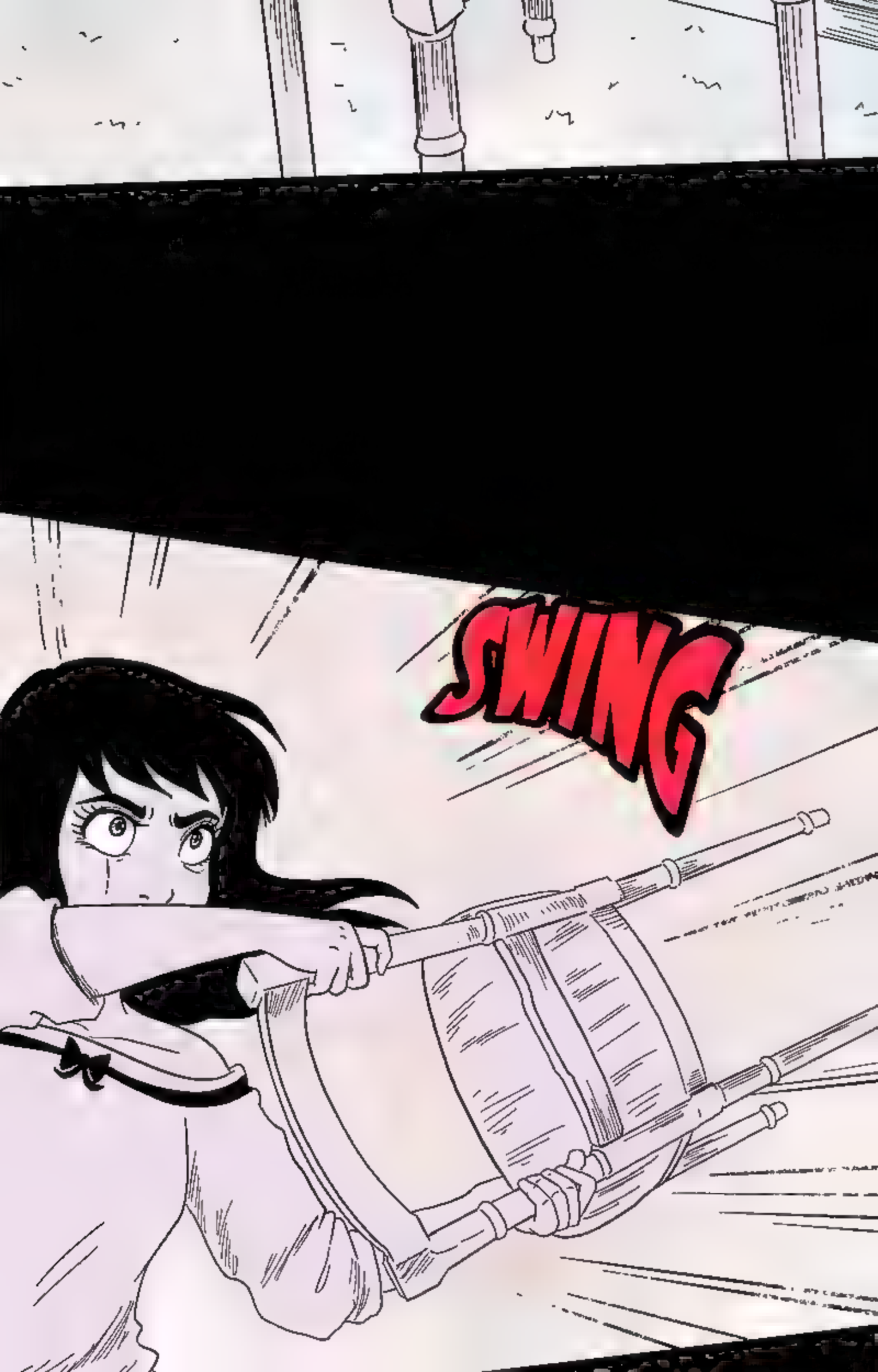
MY BEDROOM WINDOWS
WERE GONE TOO

WERE DONE TOO.

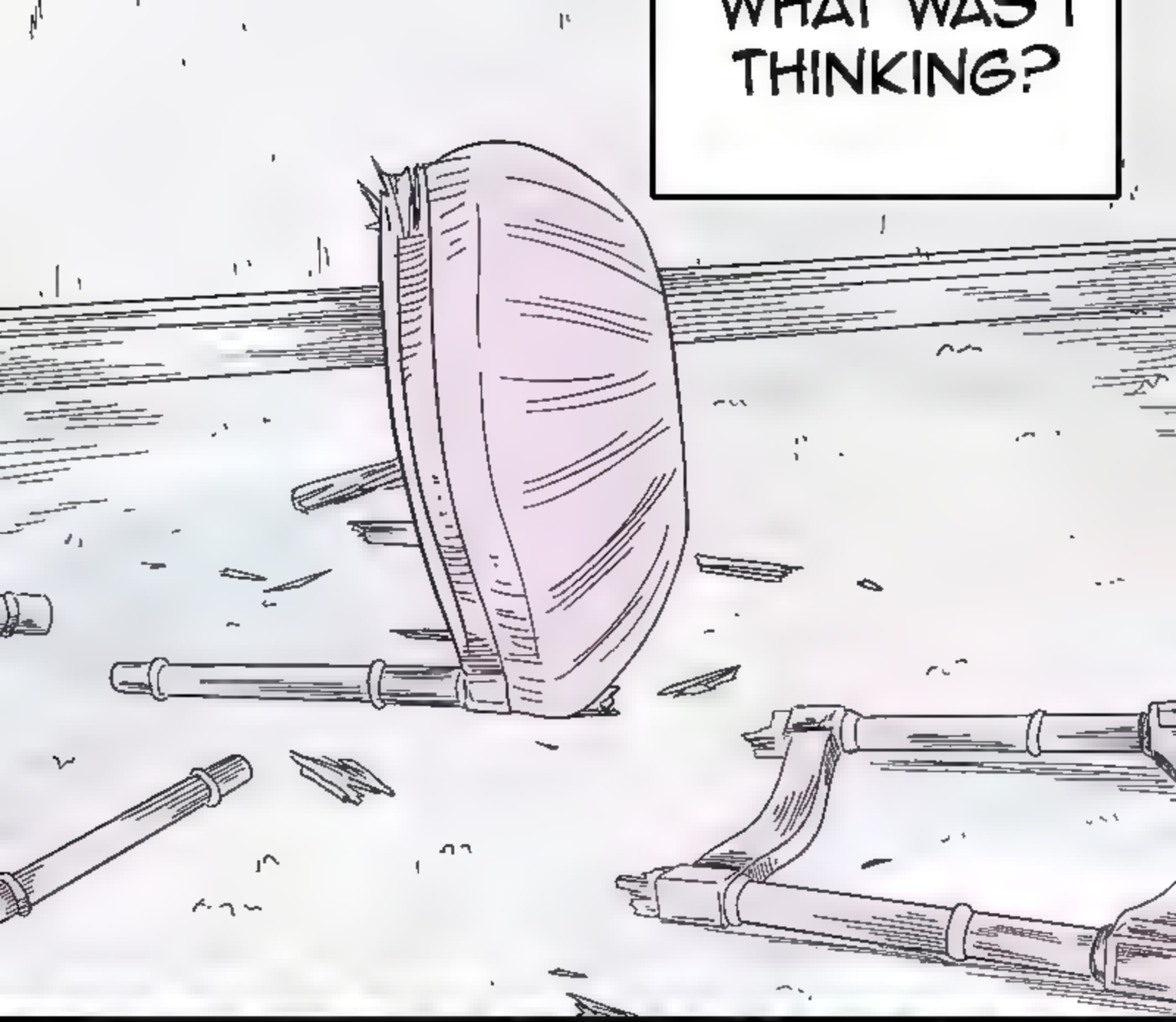
THERE WAS NO SIGNAL ON MY PHONE.

NO INTERNET.

IN DESPERATION, I TRIED TO BREAK DOWN THE WALL TO ESCAPE.


SWING

WHAT WAS I



THERE'S NOTHING TO USE TO BREAK THE WALLS DOWN. I DON'T EVEN OWN A HAMMER.

WHY DON'T I OWN A HAMMER?

WHY AM I SO TOTALLY UNPREPARED?

WHY DIDN'T I HAVE A BACK-UP PLAN?

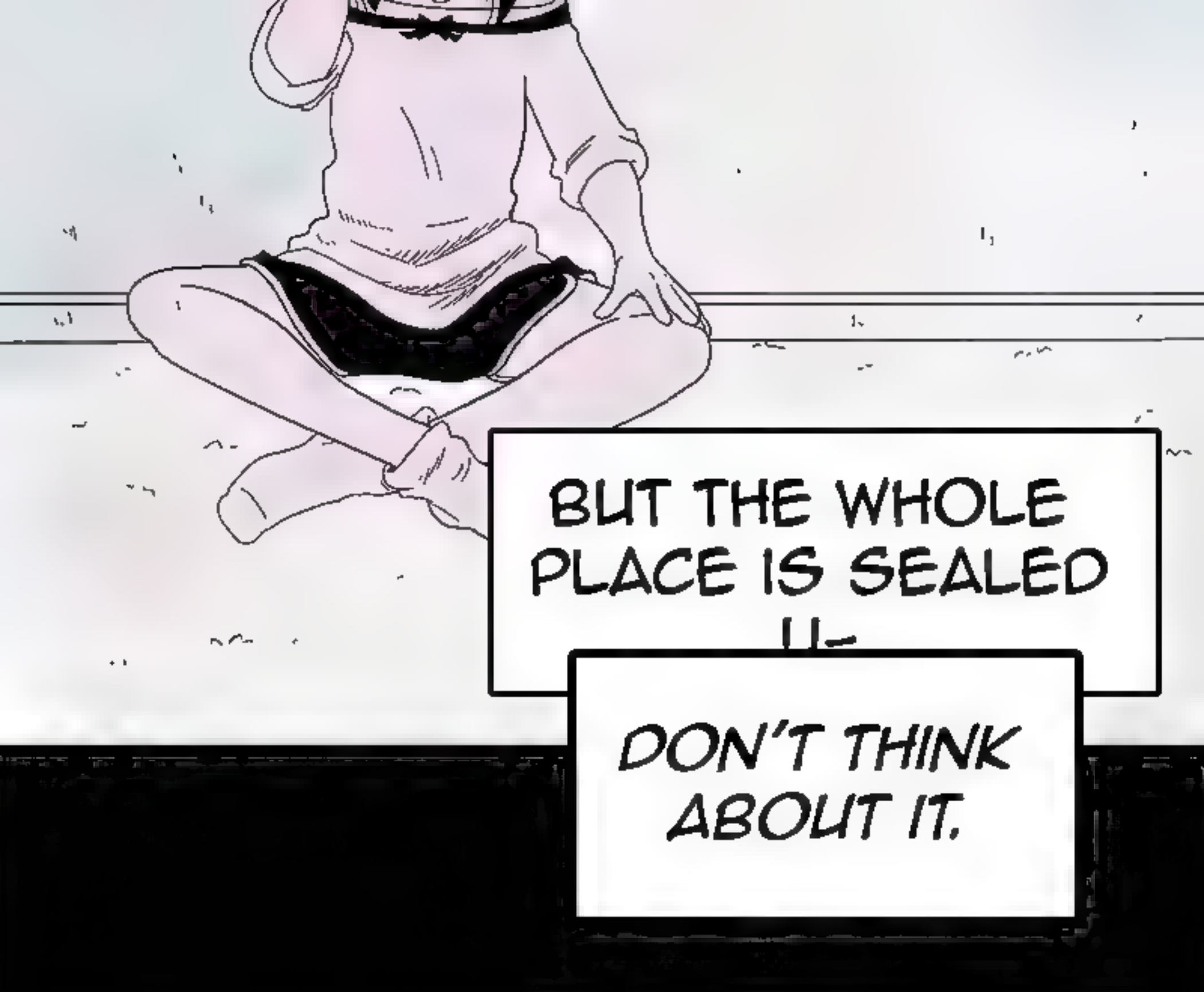
NO.

THIS IS *NOT* MY FAULT. I REFUSE TO LET THIS BE *MY* FAULT.

EVERY LITTLE THING GOING WRONG IS NOT MY FAULT.

UGH...

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING.


BUT THE WHOLE PLACE IS SEALED
!!-
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT.

IT'S FINE...

IT'S FINE, IT'S FINE, IT'S FINE. I'M FINE, I'M FINE...

I'M FINE I'M FINE
I'M FINE I'M-
HUFF

FINE I'M OKAY
I'M FINE
HUHH...
HUFF...

I SHOULD HAVE LEFT SO MUCH SOONER, I'M NOT FINE I'M NOT FINE

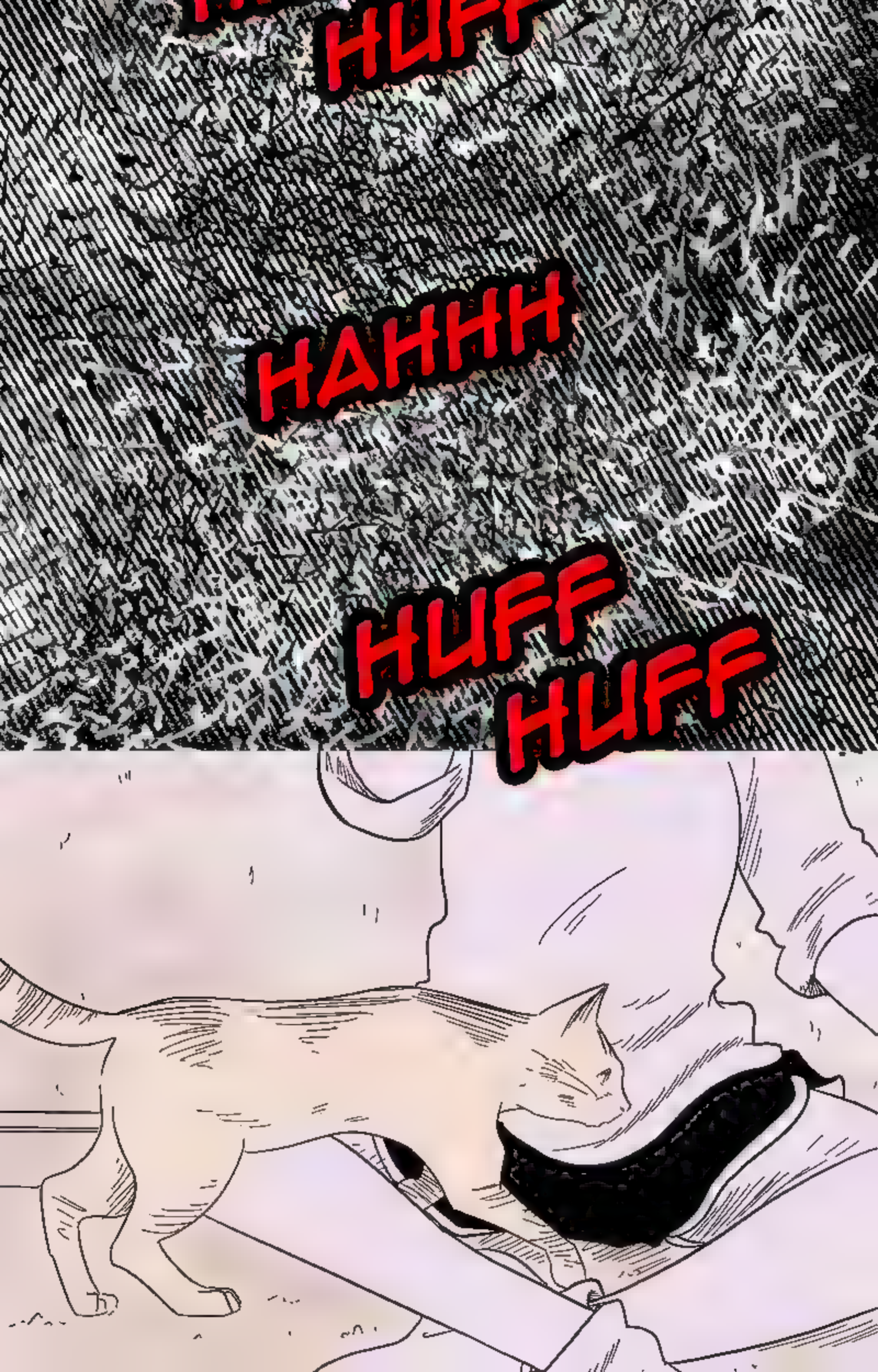
THIS IS ALL MY FAULT I'M
HUFF
HUFF

WHERE'S FELIX?
WHERE

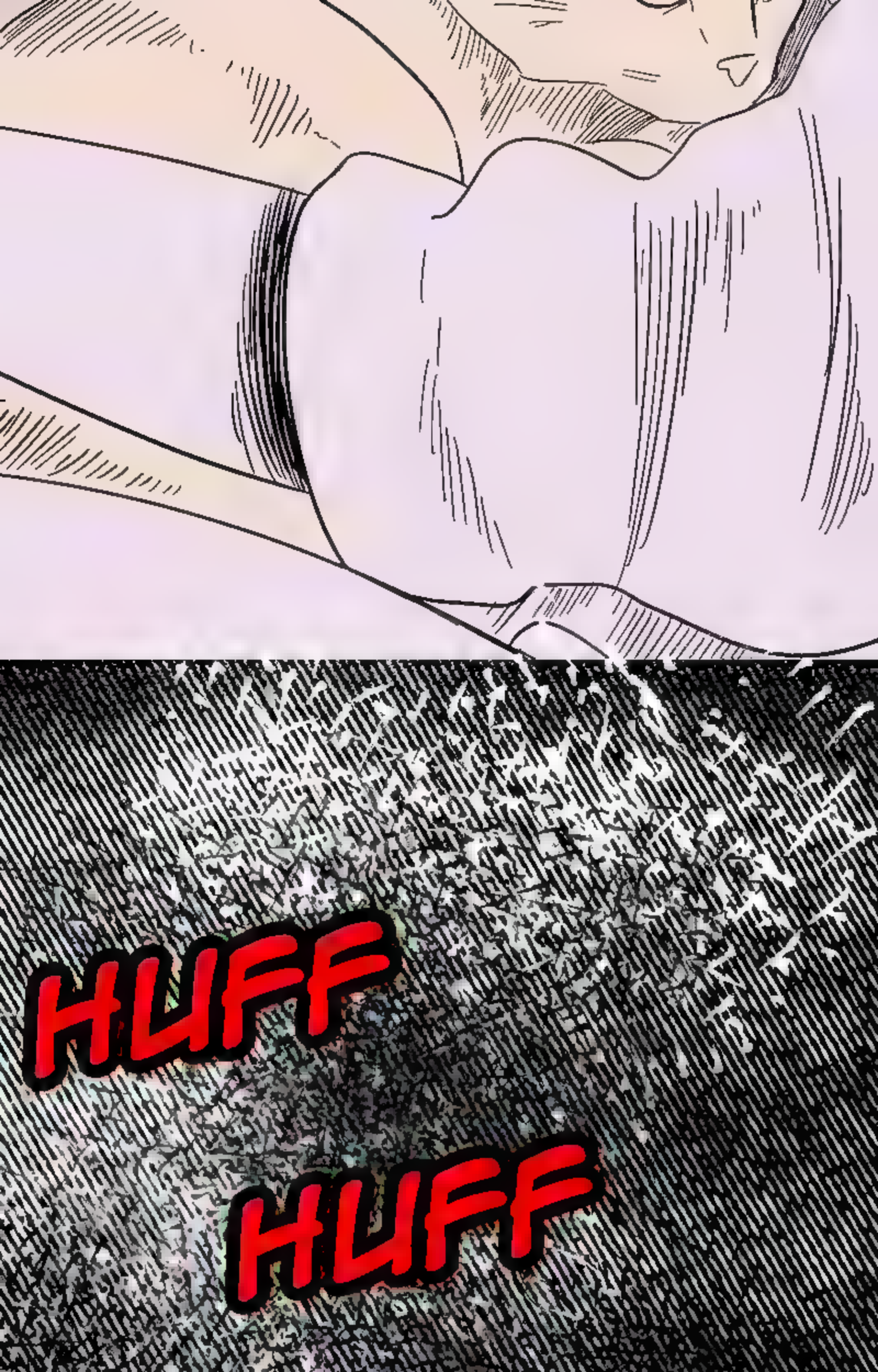
HUFF
HUFF

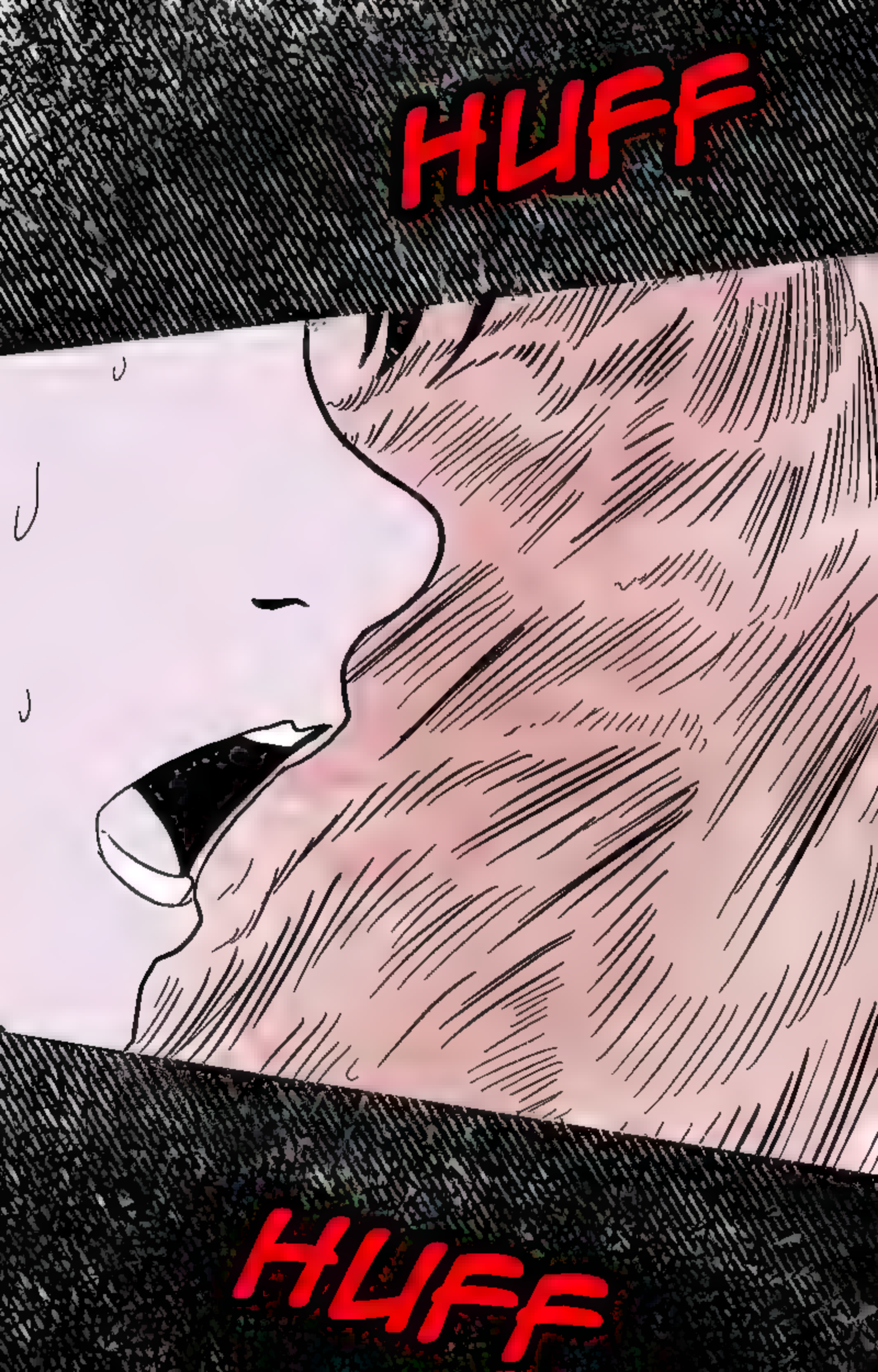
I CAN'T DO THIS I CAN'T
WHERE'S FELIX? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HERE

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS ANYMORE I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS ANYMORE I DON'T WANT
I CAN'T BREATHE
HUFF


HUFF
HAHHH
HUFF
HUFF

HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
PURR...

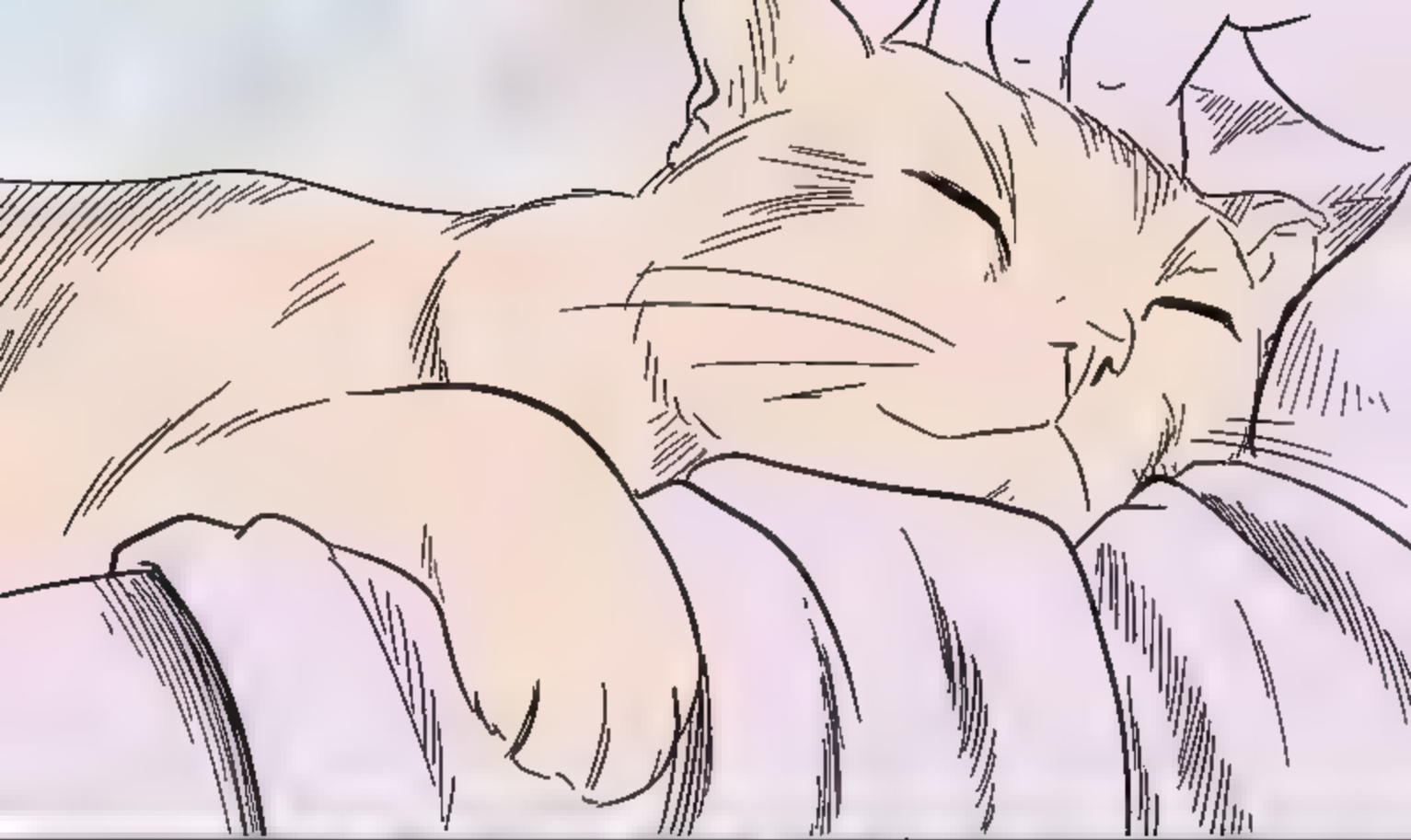

HUFF
HUFF


HUFF
HUFF

HUFF

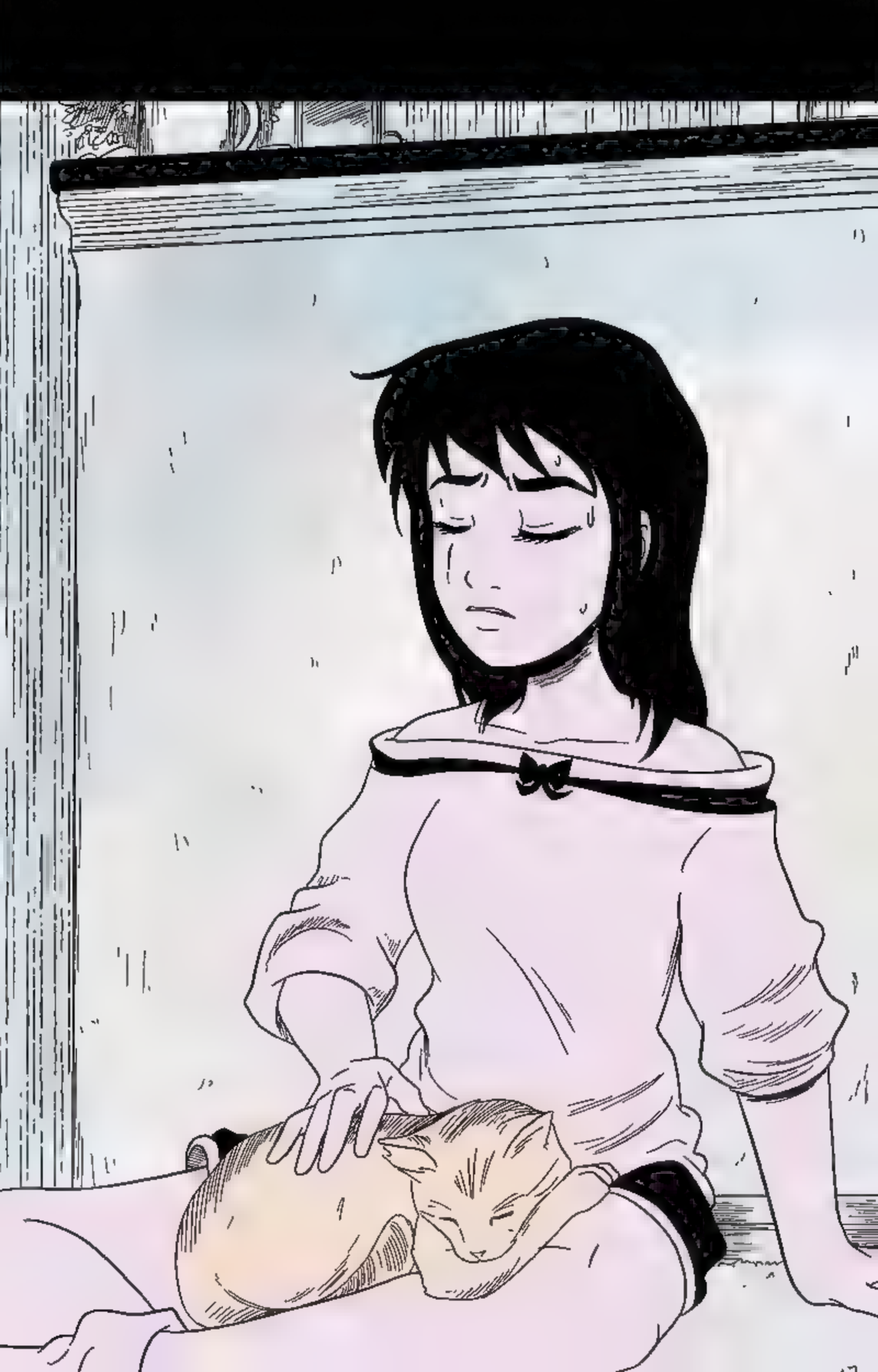
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF

HAHH...



HAH...

HAHH...



SIGH.

OKAY.

COMPLETELY LOSING IT WON'T SOLVE ANYTHING.

I'VE BEEN IN TIGHTER SPOTS THAN THIS- *LITERALLY.*

AND I'M STILL HERE.

SO LET'S...TAKE STOCK OF THE SITUATION.

CHECK THE FRIDGE AND

THE STOVE. BOTH WORK. SO THE APARTMENT HAS ELECTRICITY AND FOOD.

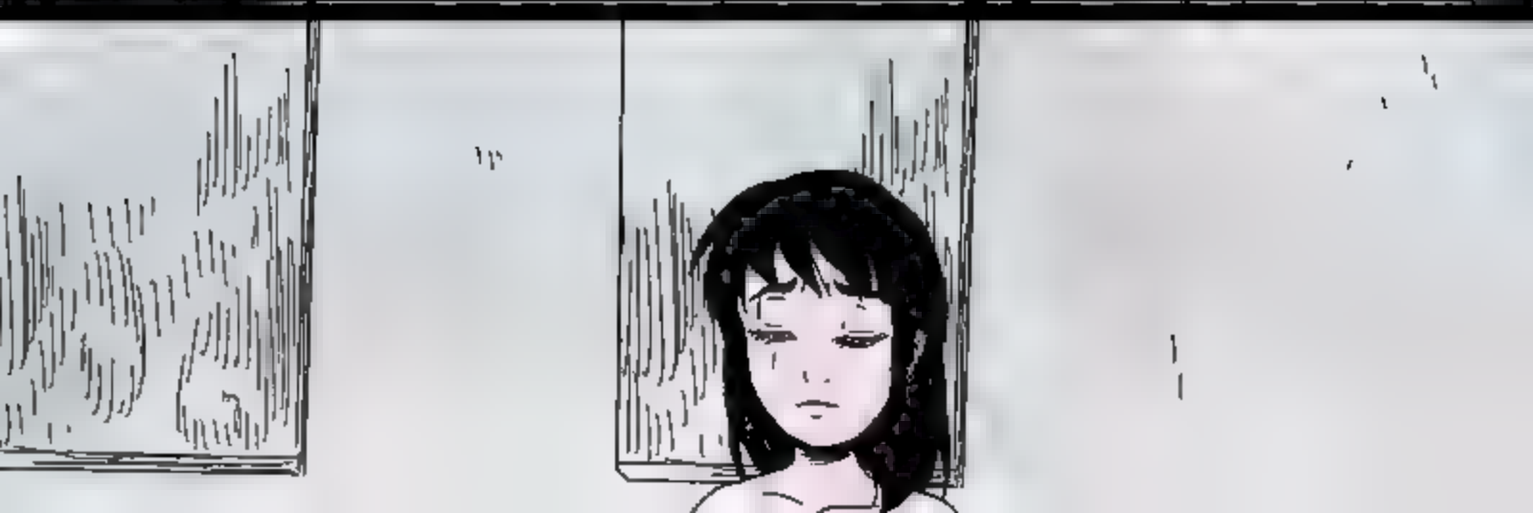
SO THERE'S WATER AND PLUMBING AVAILABLE.

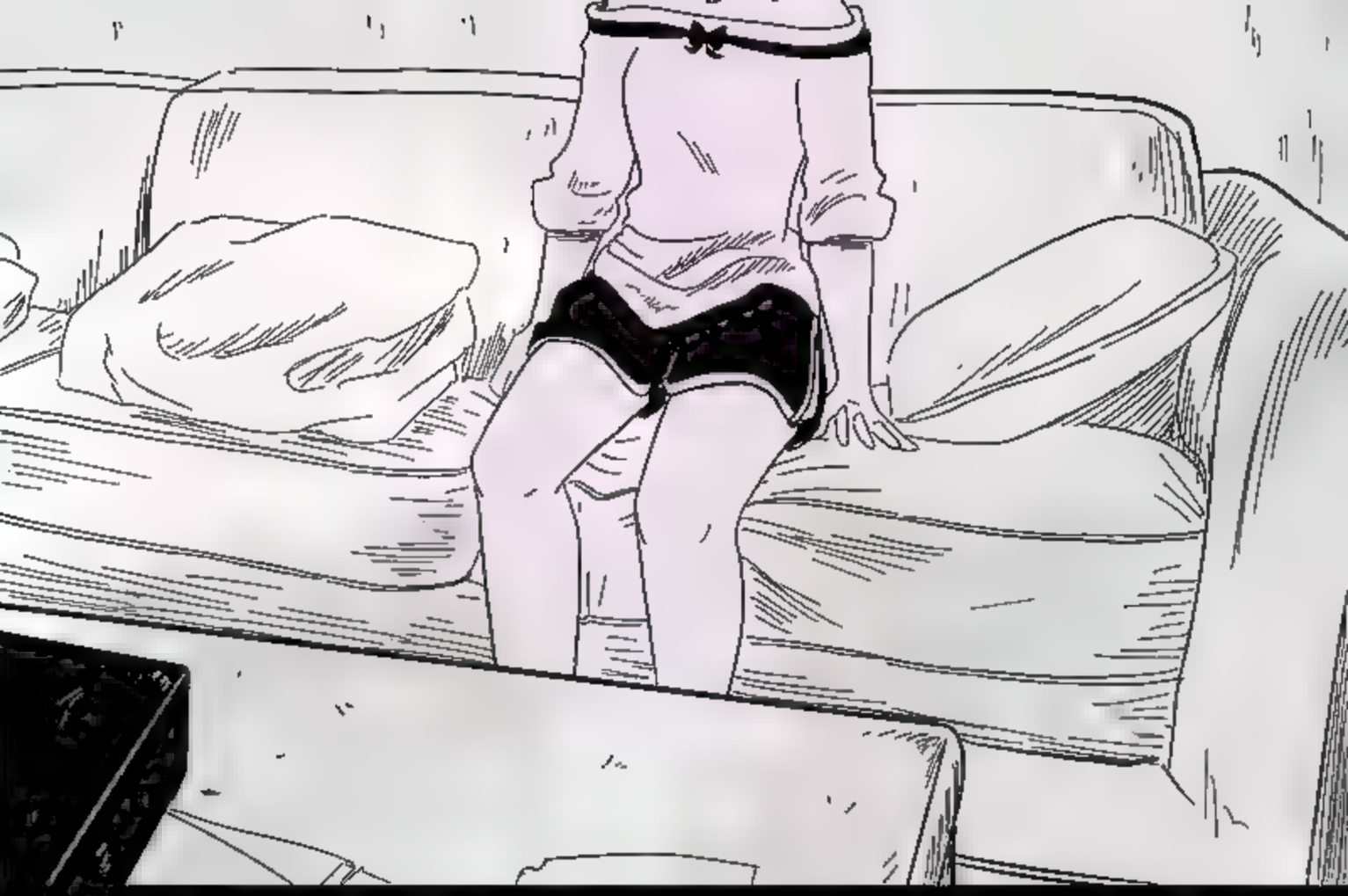
WHAT OTHER ASSETS?

...FELIX. HE IS...NOT GOING TO BE USEFUL.

EVEN IF HE WASN'T ACTING WEIRD, HE'S STILL *OUTSIDE* THE APARTMENT. I MEAN, I *HOPE* HE'S STILL OUT THERE, TRYING TO FIND HIS OWN WAY IN.

BUT I CAN'T ASSUME HE'S EVEN TRYING.



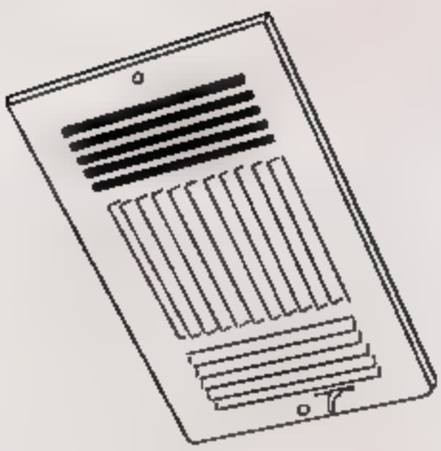


MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM. MAYBE HE'S SEALED UP SOMEWHERE ELSE, SAME AS I AM.

MY FAKE TATTOO IS STILL THERE. NOT HELPING ME MUCH, THOUGH.

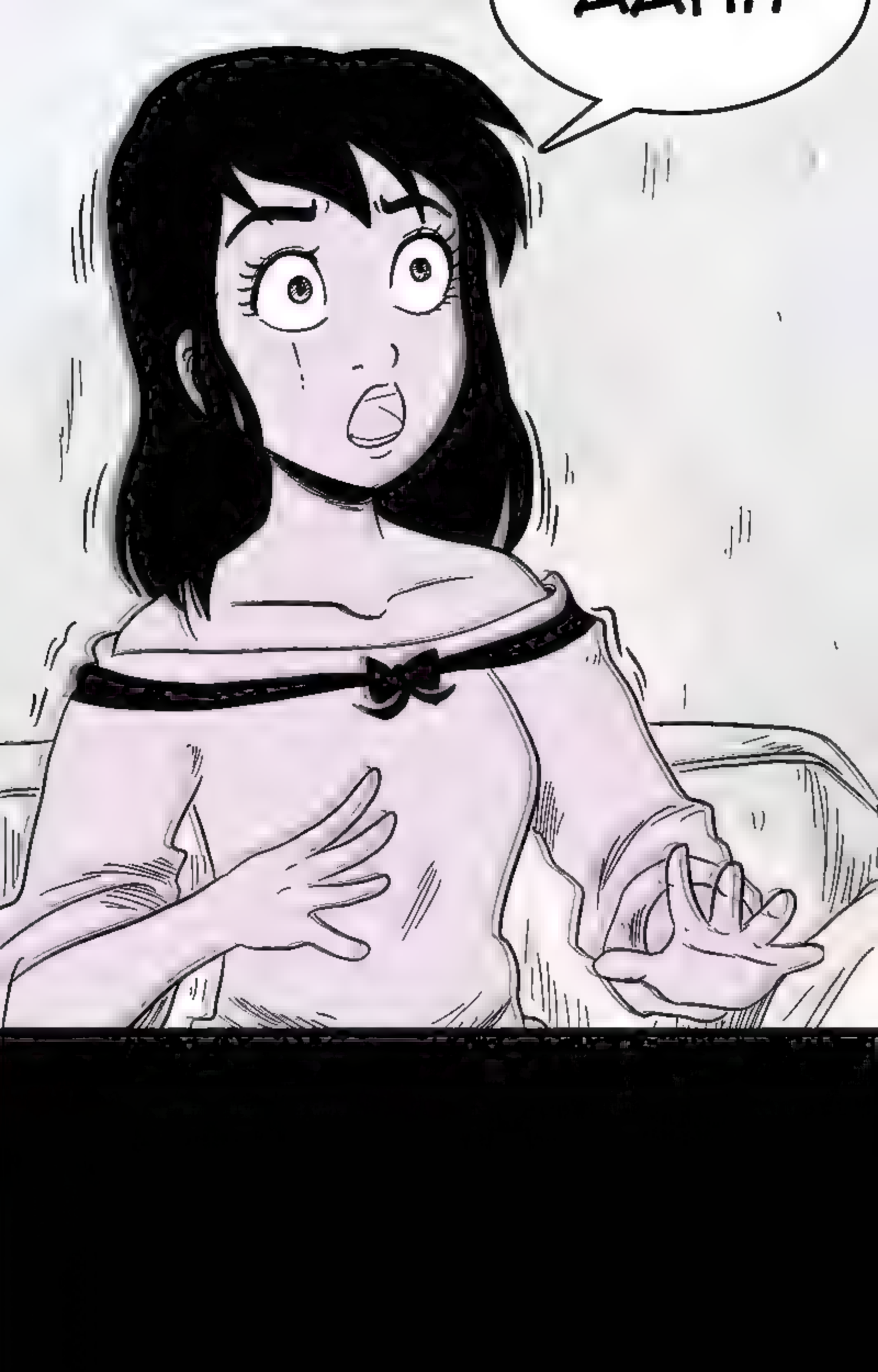
IS THAT A GOOD THING? IF I'M NOT REACTING TO LOOKING AT IT, DOES THAT MEAN I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?

WISH I COULD CRAWL INTO THE AIR VENTS, LIKE THEY DO IN THE MOVIES.



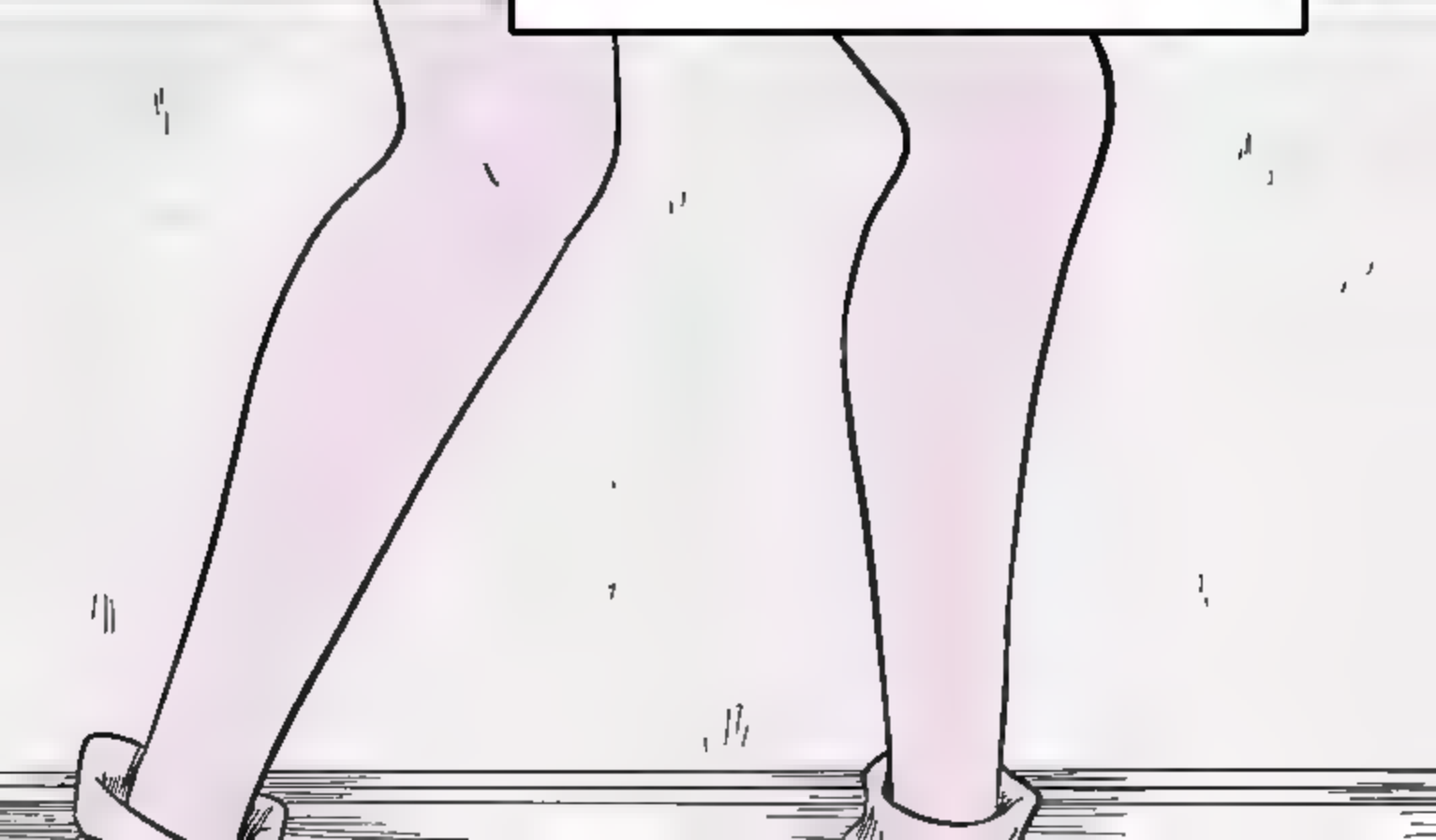
HEY, WHAT ABOUT THE BIG VENT COVE-

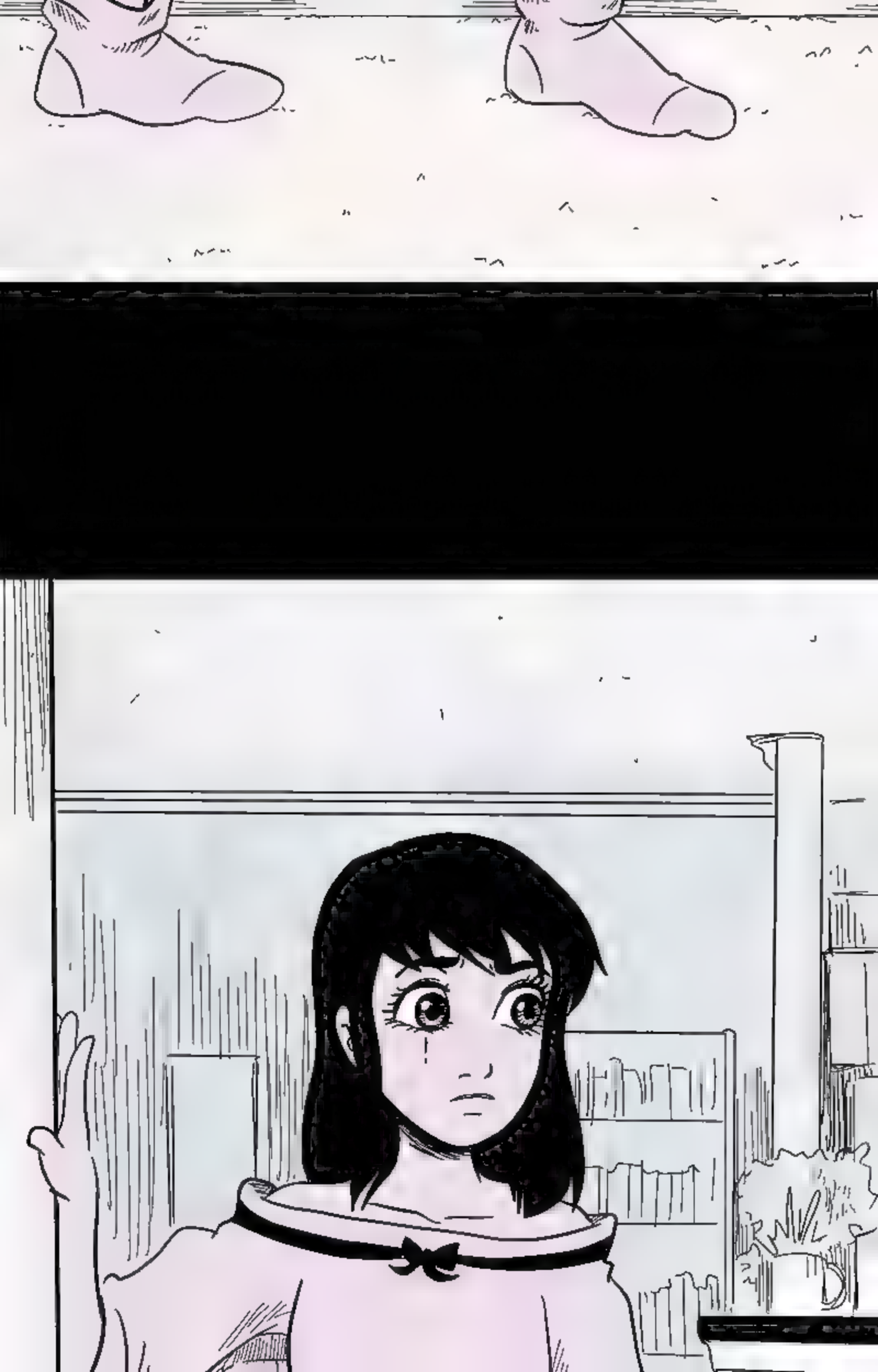
ШШШРР
ААН!!

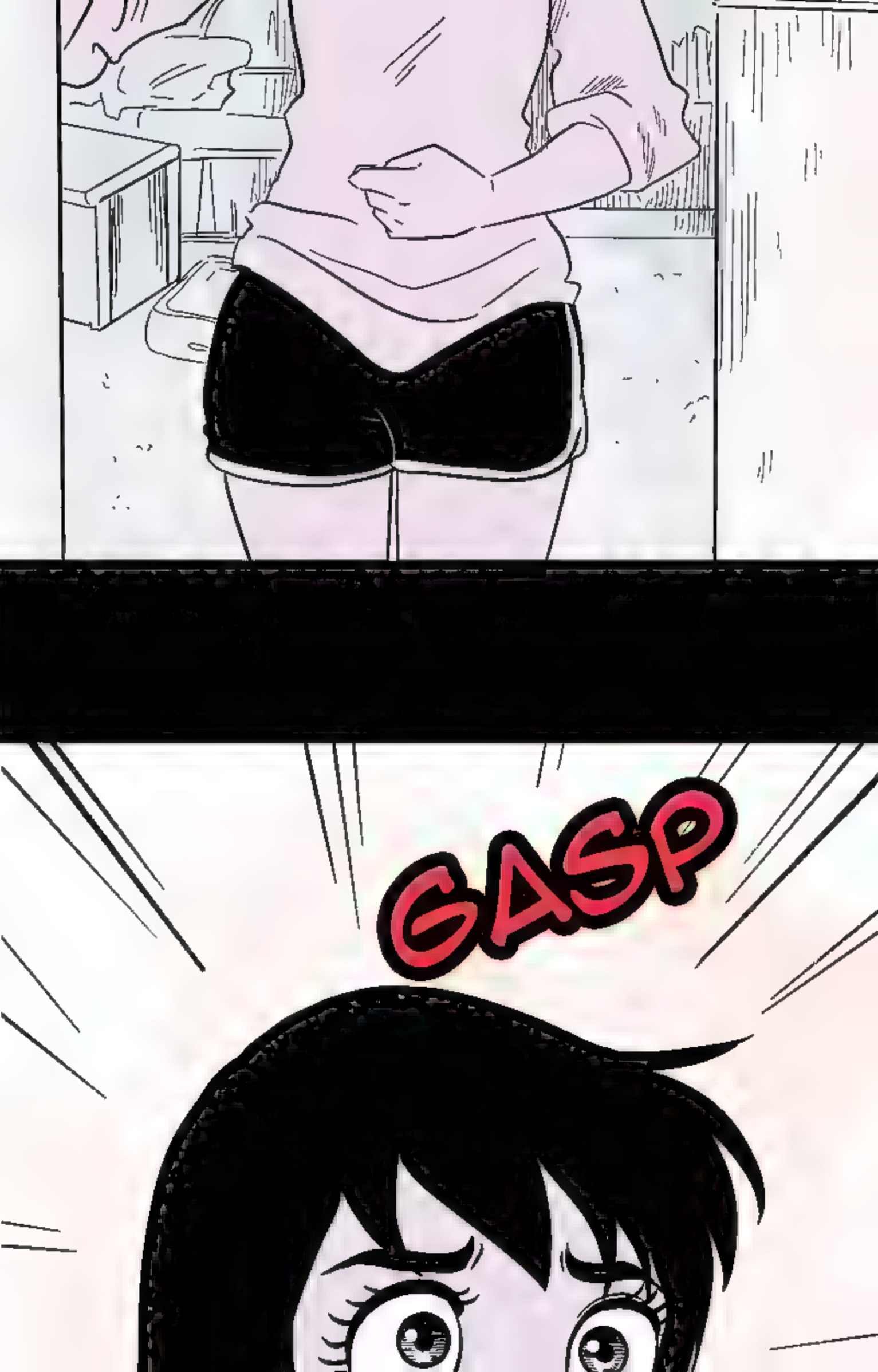


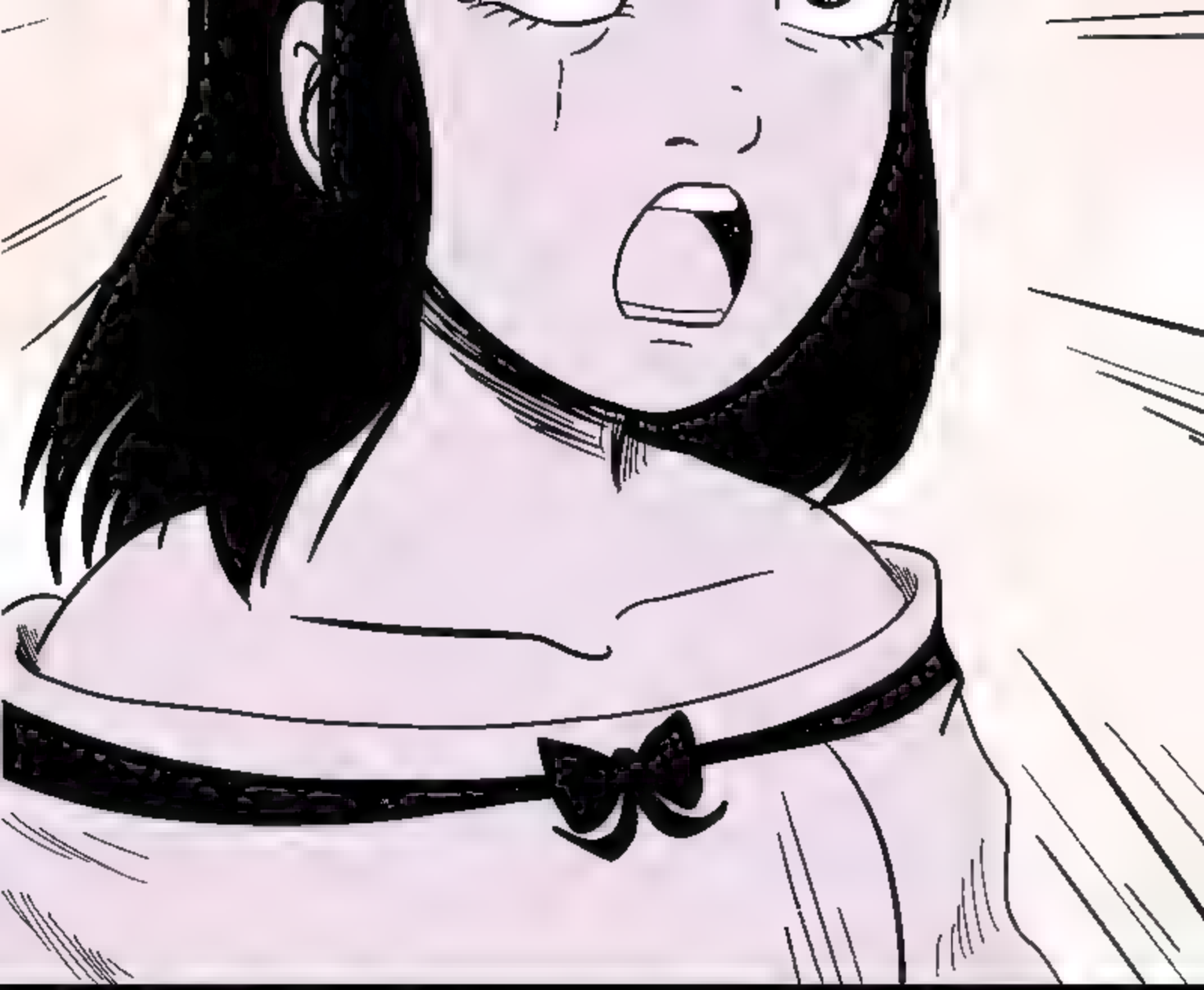
WHAT WAS *THAT?*

THAT CAME FROM THE OTHER ROOM...






GASP



AND JUST LIKE THAT...

MY BEDROOM WAS GONE TOO.